

It's 10:05 PM.



The National
Zoo,
Washington
D.C.

I'm staring down a deranged,
genetically-augmented
African lion.



There is a sniper in position
on the roof of the visitors' center.

And I'm wearing a
gender-inappropriate
pink angora sweater.



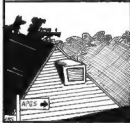
It's a
Roberta
Frost.

The situation is
under control.



I'm a
psychologist.

The sniper's name is Unity.
Ostensibly, she's our
Plan B.



Right now, she's got a
trang rifle trained
on the subject's
exposed flank.



Wish we had any
idea what dosage
to use.

If we're wrong, the
dart'll just make him mad.
Plus, once Unity starts
shooting, it's kind of
hard to get her to stop.



I'm sort of hoping we
can stop with Plan A.



Hi. I'm
from the
government.
Can we
talk?

I bleed
less from
Plan A.

This is a tricky extraction.
Normally, it's just
grab 'n go.

...so right
before they slap
the cuffs on him,
he hits the
cage release.

There's not typically
counseling involved.
That's why I'm here.

I guess he wanted
me to rush 'em or
something, but I was all,
screw that, Master,

they've got
guns, man!

I'm a psychologist. That
makes me a listener.

It just makes sense,
right? It's not
"cowardice"! Am I

right,
Doc?

Everyone likes a listener.

I said, **AM I
RIGHT, DOC?**

Yes
indeedy.

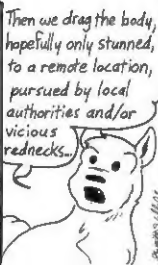


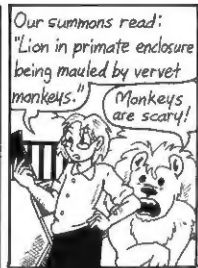
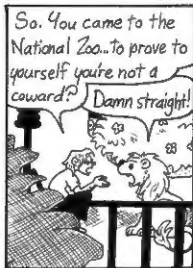


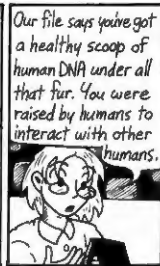


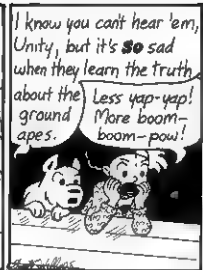
Unity
&
Sweetheart











So what's your deal, Doc?

Like I said, I'm from the government. Project Skin Horse.



We handle cases like yours - the roughly 30,000 known nonhuman sapients in the U.S.



We're not exactly public, but we're here to help.

No, I mean why are you wearing an angora sweater and a skirt?



Because I look hot!

This is the government of an actual country?



I don't know if you can see color, but the sweater's Silver Peony. It's very in.



"I know, the more I think about it, the dumber this idea was."

There are no "bad ideas" Only choices you make.



No, seriously! Lording it over a bunch of zoo animals just to prove I could be "king of the jungle"? Stupid! What was I **thinking?**



So I've decided. From now on, I'll focus on writing and drawing my own Internet comic.



No dumb ideas... No dumb ideas...



Check it out. Two lions? Who play **video games**. Huh? Huh?



You're lucky we've got a contact on the night watch. Try this at most zoos, you'd be euthanized quicker than you can say "raaar."

...just don't know what came over me...

It's in the past now. I'm just glad we could bring this to a peaceful resolution.

Thanks, Doc.

Hey. Put 'er there.

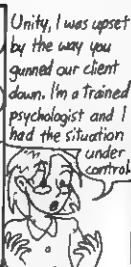
PEACEFUL CONCLUSION!
PEACEFUL!

Whatever. He was coming right at you.

WBLM!
TAAAN!

snikt!

trails... beautiful trails...



Sorry, friend. That could've gone better. Tip doesn't have the training for field work.

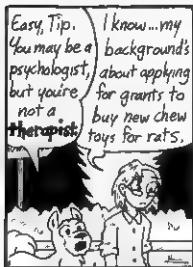
Or the shoes.

Sometimes I wonder if being our token human has cracked him even more. When you come to, I'll see to it you only deal with the other members of our t--

Sweetheart! Praise me! I punched out those monkeys **real good!**

...with me. You will **only deal with me.**

Now who's king of the jungle?



So where do we haul this rug?

The halfway house up in Jersey. They don't have facilities for large carnivores, but they do have brochures.



Oh, yeah! We took those death-bots there after they shot off my old arm!



The main thing is to get him to a safe place.

When he wakes up, he'll be disoriented. He'll probably lash out -- teeth, claws everywhere.



Yeah, and the trans's're wearing off, so we'd better get him in the back of my car pronto.



Er, are we all riding together?

I call shot-gun.





**DOG DOG HOLY
GEEZ THERE'S
ANOTHER DOG
IN THAT CAR!**



Don't
judge
me.

'Sokay. I'd do
the same, only
my head would
blow off.

Locked in the back of a Volvo with a lightly tranquilized lion. This calls for some care.

another random?
dolt mad if
do...

It's important to set physical boundaries and respect his space. I'll just scooch to the far side and-

Hey, that Best Buy is open! Can we buy a new office laser printer?

Sure!

Now if only folks would respect **my** space...

Hey, that furniture store is open! Can we buy a large -

Roger!

"As he writhed in his silver chains, Angelique's bosom pressed against his chiseled form, Ahrigst the Goblin Prince felt a wave of searing passion.



"This must be what his people called *Ahrigst*, the mating readiness. Blood roared in his ears as his turgid manhood responded to --"



I don't think reading the sex scenes from 'dark fantasy' romance novels is a fun way to pass the time



Yeah, but you hang out with zombies and talking dogs way to pass the time. What the hell do you know?

Can't argue with that logic. Ahrigst tore at her blouse with a feral yowl..."



They are so going to have not goblin sex

I know

You **did** want
to tag along
on this
mission, Tip.

I know....
I guess my
expectations
were off.



I thought you were
pros! I thought we'd get
the client's stats, move
him out, relocate based
on a full situational
analysis..



W...
E...
E...



...drive
below the
speed
limit..

Hey, I forgot
my license.
Pretend you
were driving.



We got pulled over?
We have a **lion** in the -

Konstantin!

Unity!
Tavarsch!



Dudes! I am joining
It's one American police
of the force after very
Black Ops accidental and
guys who surprising
trained death of
me Yeltsin, da?



We're on a mission. Actually, we
way secret stop you 'cause
mission, we are having
K. Think the engine
you can trouble. Can
let us you give us
go? the 1 fr?



Every 15 miles,
I have to
redefine "worst
case scenario."

You are
recalling your
defensive
drink?







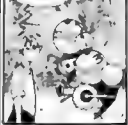
What if I
get a letter
from you soon



What if I get a letter
from you soon
and you tell me
the best way to
live my life



What if I
get a letter
from you soon
and you tell me
the best way to
live my life



What if I
get a letter
from you soon
and you tell me
the best way to
live my life



Killotron-1! Killotron-3!
They put you guys to work
here, huh?

Destroy

Unity, you know the guys that shot
these... my arm off!
gentlemen?

An act we
now regret.

Happily, we are
purged of our old
destructive impulses
and now live only
to destroy.

And by "destroy" I of course
mean "serve obediently
without
destroying."

Nice
save

Destroy

Hooyah! Soviet agents,
killer robots...all my
favorite people are
here!

Destroy

Wait a
titch. 2 has not been
allowed out front
Where's Since attempting to
Kilatron- destroy a guest
??

He is destroying
a nutritious snack
for us all.

Destroy

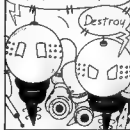
Destroy

Now, by "destroy a guest,"
do you actually mean
"destroy a guest," or ..

Destroy.

Destroy

Enough talk!
The snack of destruction
is prepared for you!



Please, follow us into
the safehouse, where
you will be graciously
destroyed.



And please do not be
frightened by our cultural
dialect which requires us
to say "Destroy" when
what we actually mean
is 'Destroy'.



Must
respect
cultural
dialect...



Hurry inside!
We're so eager
to destroy you!

You comin' in with
us, Sweetheart?
Sounds like they
set up a spread.

Eh,
S'okay.
I'll wait
outside.

Cmon. The Klatrons
arent actually gonna
destroy us. They just
cant afford better
vocabulators yet.

What I meant was,
I was thinking of
sticking by our
unconscious, drooling
client.

Oh, yeah. And if you go
The get destroyed, I
assign- expect it logged
ment. as "break time."





'Ey!
All yuh nutrons
shill fuhrun?



Who...
what
happened?



Due to a
misunderstanding,
we shot you
with a tranquilizer
dart. It happens.

At this time, I am
required to issue a
series of standardized
condition assessments.



You
shot
me?

Displays listening
comprehension check!
Next: how many
fingers am I holding up?



...
none?

Check!

Next I'm sposed to ask you to follow my finger with your eyes. Also problematic, but --



*"Enough, you have wronged me and now you must pay."



*"Whoa holy geez!"
**"In blood!"

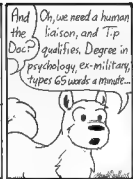


*"Look, I'm not gonna pretend things went well, but so help me, if you push, I am pushing back, and I push **hard**."



*"Now can we behave like civilized monstrosities here?"
**"Mommy."





You can stay here for a few days. After that, you'll want to get in touch with a group that can meet your specific needs.



Take a look at the literature and find a facility. I dunno. I mean, I'm a **freak**, Miss Sweetheart.



I can't believe there's **any** place out there I can call home. "Cyber Kitty Carnivore Sanctuary. Meat, baking rocks, and a dedicated T.I.N.E."



G'bye, Konstantin! G'bye
Vlad! G'bye, Killotrons!

Das vedanya!

Destroy



My first real
field assignment.

Over the course of
the evening, I've been
chewed on ~~and~~ been the
subject of romantic
advances by our client,
whom we also shot.



I crossed state lines
wedged between a lion
and a pair of assassins.
I had a tea party with
homicidal robots, and
~~rained~~ my nylons.



Judging from some of the
reports I've had to file,
it could've been much worse.

I'm ~~so~~ stoked. Who's
up for full-contact
karaoke?

Me! Me!



ASLAN

#1

Man, I love
my PS2 + It's
FreeBSD OS is
less limited + runs
Xbox's NT-
Based hardware!

Yeah, but you're
forgetting it Doesn't
support HDTV or Dolby
Digital.

Yeah,
you're
right.

CHAMP



ASLAN

#58

Look! It's
my new
Bluetooth
headset!

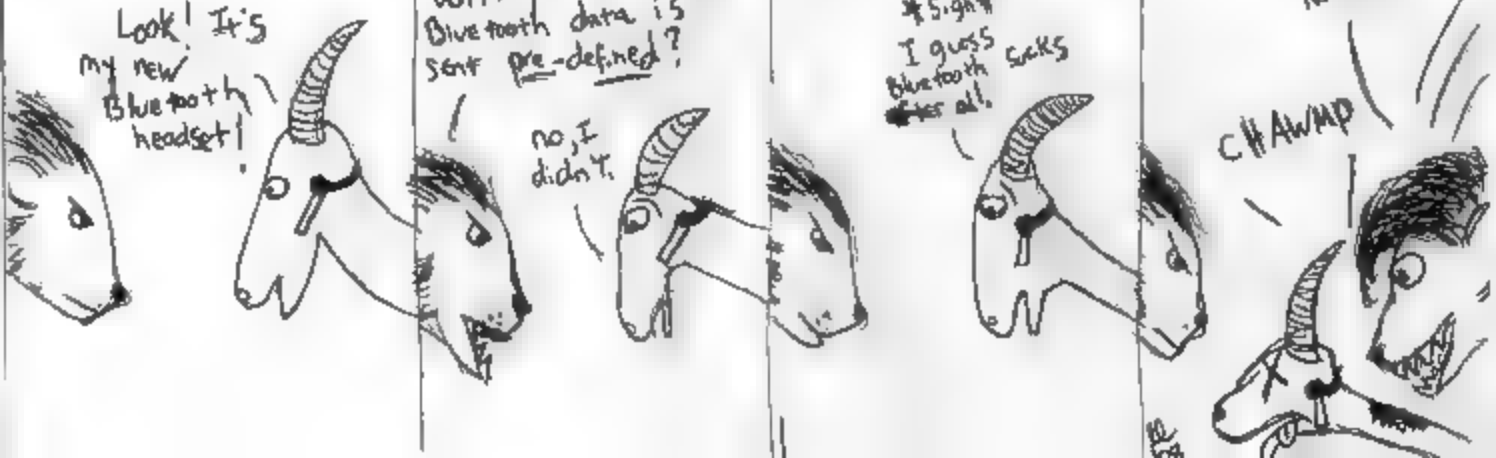
Ha Ha,
Stupid ANTELOPE!
Don't you know all
Bluetooth data is
sent pre-defined?

No, I
didn't.

Sigh
I guess
Bluetooth
sucks
for all.

RAAR!

CHAMP





Okay. The office.
Let me see...

The big guy at reception is
Moustachio the Thinkonium.
This is kind of a post-
retirement job for him.

I think his pre-retirement
job was trying to destroy
the London Exposition
of 1851.

Mail,
Moustachio

That's why the British government
won't return his legs.

Sometimes I feel left out,
being the one staffer who
wasn't created as a weapon.

Ah, the new Popcorn Company
catalogue! Do read me their
latest Sweets and Novelties!

Okay, but don't
get all worked
up...

Geet, Mustacho,
you're almost
wound down.
You've got a
keep your
thinking
springs in
order.

Much
thanks. Th.s
office goes
quite to the
Dent without
your little
ministrations.

I was only
gone one
evening.
And I'd
like to do
more field
work..

That
presently
reminds me.
Mistress
Gavotte
wishes to
see you.

Gavotte? Something
Gavotte about the
wisdom of gang
to see off on Excursions
~~me~~? without speaking
to her first.

Yeah, I think
I snapped
a thinking
spring
there.

Copper
fittings,
Master Tip!
The secret to
a long life!





Garotte.
Garotte is... different.

I mean, the others aren't human, but they're **people**.
Garotte, I'm not sure about.
She's not in our case files.
She's not... well, she's not a **she**, for one thing.

Oh, and I'm fatally allergic to her,
so I'm a little squicky about coming into her office.

Ah, Tip.
Let's have a little chat, shall we?

If ever a situation called for a vintage A-line minidress and vinyl boots, this is it.



Happy Valentine's Day



Her name's not really Gavotte.
But her real name can't be
performed by anyone with
fewer than 20 bodies, so
it's the closest we can get.



And she's nice, in her
own way, but so help me,
it's freaky when she
swarms around me.



You're done quite as
well as any man
who's worked for
a beehive.



Like I said,
I'm allergic.







Tip! Tip!
Did Gavotte
let you off
the hook?

As a
matter
of fact,
she did.



Good!
Go kill
bugs
for us!

We've got another
infestation of en-
hanced vermin.
Probably from one
of the labs down
the hall.



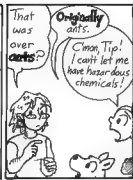
So you've harassed me
all morning, and now I
have to massacre small
icky things because
you tell me to?



No, you have to massacre small
icky things because they
stole all your
lip liner.

Where the hell's
the Raid?





We share the building with a lot of other government offices. All classified.



I don't know much about what goes on in most of them. If I have to find some dangerous mutant, I don't know where to start looking



very intimidating
"Shadow Government"
Agents.





Well, looke
who's here!
Dude looks
like a lady!

Shut up,
Chris.
He's
bishy.



Yeah. Uh, what
have you guys
been sticking
in your gamma
irradiator?

Hah... more
like what we
~~haven't~~ been
sticking in
there!



The home office sends us
stuff, we irradiate it.
That's, like, the
entire ~~point~~ of
the D of I.

It's frikkin'
all about
the lulz.



I wonder if government
conspiracy nuts have any
idea how
messed up
it really is
out here.

Sorry,
~~which~~ of us
is wearing
pants?



You can level with me, guys.
I'm a psychologist

Sha, and what's ~~that~~
supposed to mean?

Well, for one thing.

...it's my job to learn
and know the deepest
secrets of the
human heart.

Okay so we irradiated a bunch
of silver fish and then we went
to irradiate this huge frozen ham
and Chris dropped it and they
escaped into the old pneumatic
delivery system.

Thanks.

I'm a Leo!

No more
on me
for you





Look, the bugs can't have
stolen **all** the phones.

We can
call out.

Wouldn't do any
good anyway.



Maintenance has been
MIA for a few days.

They're not
returning calls.



Looks like someone's
got to go down to the
basements alone and
strike the problem
at the source.



So,
me,
then.

My apologies,
but I have no legs.

No
thumbs.

No self-
control.





So.
The basements.



Annex One has a dizzying number of subterranean levels, some of which haven't seen light since the '40s.



It's a nightmare of fungus, radiation, uncased asbestos, and weird things skittering. OSHA would have a fit if they were cleared to come down here.



The upstairs is similar, but with vending machines.



There's six decades of shadow-government refuse here, just collecting mildew.



Also down here is our file room, recording 100 years of charitable government work with nonhuman sapient's.



Our data is irreplaceable. If there are bugs down here eating paper, we want to know about it.



Also, if they're building a miniature Renaissance castle out of office supplies, we want to know **that**, too.



Our foes, they have sent
a colossus to destroy us!
Our moment of truth
is at hand!



Quickly!
Prepare our
greatest trebuchet!



I can't decide if this is
nauseating or adorable.



We have no choice!
We must surrender to
the colossus!

Never!

The Fortezza di
Silverfishi has stood
for **hours** and has
never once been
taken by force!

We will fight
you to the
last silverfish!

Captain! No!
You brave
fool!

They really don't pay me
nearly enough for this job.

Now, cur!
Feel the pinch of
my mandibles!

Ai!
I cannot
watch!





I CAN HAS PSYKOLAJIST?





Your program, Signor.

It's too small.

Then I shall read it to you!



Signora Diaforza here plays Francesca Silverfish, only daughter of Don Adorno Silverfish.

Si!



Young and headstrong, she discovers a spermatophore left by a man not approved by her father and lays a clutch of eggs out of wedlock.

Disgraced, she throws herself upon a pile of boric acid mixed with cereal!



Sounds pretty typical.

The opera, she is universal.

When people see silverfish opera for the first time, they react dramatically.



They either love it, or hate it. If they love it, they will always love it.



If they do not love it, they may learn to appreciate it, but it will never be part of their **soul**.



Obviously, I hope for the former, lest you become displeased and crush us like many small grapes.





Yeah, I'd throw roses, but it'd wipe you out.

So we have touched
the heart of the
colossus? You no
longer wish to kill us?



Giacomo, I never
~~wanted~~ to kill you.
Now I don't think I
legally can.



At this point, on behalf of
the government, I'm
supposed to
offer you
protection
and services.



... something you don't
hear often.



We are so happy the
colossus has decided to
join us in
our struggle!

Now
hold on.



339

I'm glad we could
talk this out without
me killing anyone or
anything, but I'm not
turning against Team
Humans.



No, no. Signor
misunderstands.
We seek his help
against a far more
terrible foe...



I speak, of
course, of
the dread
House
Centipede.

Right,
I'll get the
Havahart
traps.



Signor Colossus,
we understand you do
not make war lightly,
but our need is
very great.



For countless minutes,
our society has
lived in fear, menaced
by the many-legged
horrors!



Um, aren't you guys
deviate from
"many-
legged"? the divine number
of six is an
abomination!



So what
does that
make me?
An abomination,
but a very
convenient
one.





I'll help you with your centipede problem, but I need something from you in return.

Name your boon!

I need you to refrain from eating our files.

Dio mio!

Signor Colossus, you drive a devil's bargain! Our children will surely starve without wads of nourishing paper to eat!

Geez... someone really ~~does~~ care if we fill out our forms in triplicate.

WHAT SHALL WE TELL THE LARVAE, SIGNOR? WHAT SHALL WE TELL THEM?

ell

Look, you don't have to give up paper. Just eat things no one cares about, like the Warren Commission files.

Very well.

So we have the deal, then. I convince my people not to consume your valuable paper...

...and in return, you face the enormous monster centipedes in mortal combat.

Wait. "Enormous monster" centipedes?

Come, colossus. Your honor guard awaits.

This is as far as we
may accompany you,
Signor Colossus.



Through this portal lies
the demesne of our
centipedal foes.
Combat them and earn
our eternal gratitude



FEDERAL OFFICE
OF GIANT LEAKING
CONTAINERS
(LOW R STORAGE)



I just want to point out
that I wouldn't even ~~know~~
about this
if you guys
hadn't eaten
my makeup!

Eternal
gratitude
and a
State funeral!



Okay.
So now we have
~~two~~ infestations.



One, the silver fish.
Genial, cultured
Italian insects with
an ear for opera.



Two, the enormous
monster centipedes.
Described as killers.
Nationality unknown.



How exactly radiation can
make creatures Italian is
a mystery, but radiation's
funny that way.



It's not
unheard of,
is what
I'm saying

It's a ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~
in the enormous
part of enormous
monster or ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~

normous to the
silverfish or to ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~
need to know
whether to have a
stream ready or



**AAAAHHH!!!
ENORMOUS
MONSTER
CENTIPEDES!!!**

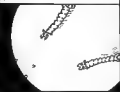


not
cut out
for this
mission.

Okay, settle down,
Tip. You've got
protocols to follow
here.



Sometimes mutant animals
are just mutant animals,
and sometimes they're
sapient in need of
protection and services.



Luckily, my training in
psychology will allow
me to detect the subtle
cues that will
indicate the diff—



Peace
to you,
brother.

Like
that.

Come, brother.
Let us live
away from these
poison lands.

Erm,
okay.



Just checking .. are
there by any chance
other centipedes
down here? Murderous,
rapacious ones?



Thou hast
spoken
with the
silverfish,
then.

They have
good hearts,
but they
know not of
our ways.



Also, regretfully,
we eat them.

Be
still,
Ezekiel.

Good hearts **and**
crunchy little bodies.



Listen, you're kind of created some negative feelings with the silver fish.

By eating them?

But we wish no harm!

We are a peaceful society of gentle crafts - arthropods.

We spend our days in humble prayer and carving simple but beautiful furniture.

Furniture?

Specifically, this credenza.

It's... um... I'm sure it'll be very nice when it's not covered in centipedes.

Next year, Lord willing, we hope to add an end table.

Brother Customer!

Would it please you to purchase our lovingly crafted furnishing?

Gee, thanks, but I'm not in the market for a credenza. Small apartment, y'know?



Be at peace, brother. Our culture has much else to offer.



We make cheeses, apple butter, fudge and beeswax candles.



Wow. Really?



Erm, no. In honesty, it is just the credenza.

And that took us two years.

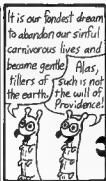


No offense, but I'm kind of relieved not to have to try the apple butter.



Also, our women have this quilt in development.





We wish to cultivate crops in the blessed UV-radiation corridor of Sector F3.

With such bounty, we would need not prey on our silverfish brethren!

Well?

Alas, our exploring parties have been attacked and cruelly squished by death robots!

Death robots.

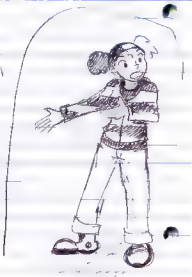
Aye, the death robots. Does not the thought make you tremble?

No, but I'm starting to wish I'd just called an exterminator.

Hold, brother! Speak not of your devilish English ways!

By the way, I like that you pronounced "squished" with two syllables.





Excuse me?
Death...robots?
I'm a government
psychologist...



I was wondering if you,
um, people might want
to dialogue with me
about our feelings
or --



Okay, I'll go first
I'm feeling some
leg pain, here.



Listen, guys, I'm not angry about my leg, but—

Oh no. You're not from Reclamations, are you?



Um... no?

Okay, good. Sorry about the crash. We'll send a med unit to assess your injury.



Shoot! MedUnit #2 on scene, stat!

You could try not helping me...

And add some friggin' rockets this time!



I can't believe there are entire nonhuman civilizations down here! My office should know about this!

Most of us try to avoid humans.



We robots escaped from the Bureau of Misfit Toys.

We don't want to go back.

Don't send us back!



Why not? Doesn't the Bureau try to fix misfit toys?

No. It sends us to misfit children.



Geez, I'm sorry.

A33 here escaped from this weird kid in Petaluma.

My other arm is still in someone's intestine.



I won't rat you guys out to the Bureau, but I need you to stop racing up and down this hall.

What?!

Stop using our runway? Our flying machine is so close to perfection!

We just need a couple hundred thousand more trials!

Once we've mastered flight, the Bureau will never be able to catch us!

We'll be free at last!

Plus, the Cobras won't be able to eat us.

...cobras...?

You aren't with the cobras, are you?

So if I can stop the...
~~cobras~~...from eating you,
you'll cut back on the flying
trials and let the centipedes
grow crops
here

It's not ideal,
but yeah,
sure.



And these cobras.
We're talking literal
cobras here.

Well,
yeah.

What
else?



Not a peaceful,
enlightened race of
genetically-enhanced
cobra-like beings or
anything?

Nope.

Just
cobras.



Why are
there cobras
in the
basement
of my
office?

Genetically-
enhanced mongoose-
like beings were
taking over
C level?

Is this, like,
Zen or
something?



Okay, Tip.
It's about time to
admit you're in
over your head.



Maybe I should find
my way back upstairs
and get Unity.
I need reliable
backup...



Tip's been gone an
awful long time.
You think
we should-
Geez, can't
you see I'm
busy dumping
kerosene
out the
window?



On second thought, let's
fly solo a little longer.

Watch out for the pools
of flammable liquid.
It keeps dripping down
here for some reason.



NOAH'S ARKADE

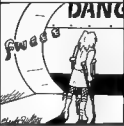
check out Two lions* Who play video games

You know
what I just
realized? [Random
popular new game] is
just like [random obscure
old game], only with
[random TV / movie
reference]
thrown in.

[Random
obscurity]
yeah



Right. What do most people use to subdue their cobras?



Well, they use gloves.
Or a forked stick.
Or a psychotic
nature show host.
None of which are
available down here.



All I have to rely
on are my instincts
and my military
training...



Hi!!

Alternately,
I could just talk
to **these** guys,
too.



Not that this is surprising
by now, but the little toy
robots may have misjudged
you guys.

Are
you a
lady?

No.

My
mom
was a
lady!

Right. Listen,
are you a race
of peaceful,
enlightened
genetically-enhanced
cobras or what?

What does
"G'netikly"
mean?

Big words
are scary!

Hug
us!

Ooo!
Warmy!

This is what I get
for signing off
on that "Other
Duties as Assigned"
clause.

Attention, cobras! Please
exit the Me in the
direction of my leg!

But
we're
cold!

And
hungry!

Actually, that's what I
want to talk about.
Are you cobras eating
the robots for food?

Yep!

And
fun!

No wonder you're hungry.
You can't possibly digest
plastic and metal.

They make us
all urpy.

One time
Timmy puked
one up in
front of
everybody.

Shut up! Mooom!
or I'm Timmy said he'd
gonna spit neurotoxins
at you! spit venom
at me!

Scary
big words!
Hug me!



So if I make sure the
Cryo folks keep dumping
clean samples for you to
eat, you'll stop eating
the robots, right?

Nooooo!

Sometimes we can't
get to where the
scientists! And why
come! is that?

The
talking
mushrooms
stop us!

They try
an' eat
us all
up!

Plus, we're
'lergic
to mush-
rooms.

They
make
us
sniffly.

We really
need to
clean
better
down here.

-not our fault!
We're **constantly**
getting flooded
out by-



POLLUTION!
WE CANNA' ESCAPE TH'
FILLTHY POLLUTION!
AN' IT'S ALL TH' FAULT'A
THOSE BLAGGARDS TH-



-totally have tried
to find our own digs,
man, but everywhere
we go, we get heinously
gnawed on by-



We giant disembodied
zombie heads are a noble
and peaceful race...



Whatever the - is totally
cybernetic wrong, or at
fish may have least different
told you from **your**
about us.. version.



Exactly! - by some
But we other basement
are tribe, which
now you want
threatened- me to
thwart.



Right. But- **CAN'T YOU
PEOPLE
STOP NEEDING
STUFF?**



But A government
you're the whose mindress
govern- now smells
ment! like cybernetic
fish!



All right, all right.
What's the problem?

We have a
rat infestation.

A rat infestation? In the lower
maintenance tunnels, where
we dwelt in peace before-

A rat infestation!
Yes, by all means
let's go deal with
a rat infestation!

Um.
Really?

No offense, guys, but you're
swollen zombie heads. Rats
are a big step up.

I kind
of take
offense.

Shh.
He hasn't
met the
rat yet.

Rat infestation, huh?
I'm on it.

You're
not
afraid?

Please! I'm a research
psychologist! I did
my thesis work with
rats! I know rats as
well as I know humans!

drip

drip



So I should
do ~~extra~~ well
with a human-
sized rat!

What a
juicy-looking
little
psychologist.



Okay. Um. Walk with me,
little psychologist.
Have you been
eating
zombie heads?



This world is a
reservoir of pain,
little psychologist.
All things suffer, and
through suffering we
know truth.



I eat the heads, for I
must eat to live. The
heads bite the cyborg
fish. And so on back
along the great chain
...



And what attacks
you? I assume
eventually they'll
release some sort
of enormous
terrier down here.



So what?
Life is pain,
and I
should just
accept it?

We all have
a place in
the cycle.
You, too.



What about all those
guys back there
fighting for no
reason? The
fish and
robots
and...

In time,
you'll
comprehend.



No! I didn't join an
elite government
agency to
ignore
sapient's
in need!

Why **did**
you join
an elite
government
agency?



There's this incredible
consignment shop right
down the street.
**BUT THAT'S NOT
THE POINT!**

True,
your place
in the cycle
is puzzling..





You are sure you would not prefer to leave us be?

I'm not leaving until I clean up the mess down here!



In that case, I must ask your help.

~~You~~ need something, too?



No. Are they by My chance a race friends. of mutant hot Brazilian swimsuit models in need of rubdowns?



I believe not, little psychologist.

Somehow, they never are.

HELLO?
ANYONE HERE
FRIENDS WITH
A BIG RAT?



This is getting nuts.
Why didn't we try harder
to contact Maintenance?
They can't have gotten
that far...



Shh!

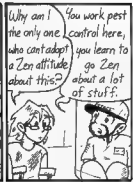
Keep your voice down!
It angers them!



...because they've been
thoughtfully airing in the
sealed in crystal pods.
And could you
fix the stripped
corner there?
Been bugging
me for **days**.



ANY
ON



Don't panic. I'm a psychologist.
I've dealt with a whole
series of disgruntled
sapients, and I'm sure I
can handle whatever —



ANOTHER FOOLISH HUMAN
PRESUMES TO ENTER THE
REALM OF THE SUPERIOR
CRYSTAL INTELLIGENCES?



Narcissistic
personality
disorder.
I can work
with this.



AMUSING BUT
ANNOYING.
How To
DISPOSE
OF HIM?

Okay, okay. What do you guys want?

WANT? YOU, A MERE MEAT CREATURE, IMAGINE THERE IS ANYTHING YOU CAN POSSIBLY DO FOR **US**?



ALTHOUGH THERE **IS** ONE THING...

You know, the centipedes offered me apple butter.



ALTHOUGH WE ARE SUPERIOR
IN EVERY OTHER RESPECT,
WE ~~ARE~~ IT DISRUPTS
SENSITIVE OUR DELICATE
TO NOISE. CRYSTAL BRAINS.



So?

SINCE SETTLING HERE
WE HAVE BEEN
ASSUALTED BY
INTOLERABLE DISSONANCE.

Okay,
Let me
out and
I'll see
what I
can do.



WHAT? AND LET YOU
RIG THE OSCARS
AND SNEAK FLUORIDE
INTO OUR WATER
SUPPLY?



I take it your NO ONE
delicate crystal MAY LEAVE!
brains are OUR NATION'S
already pretty TOMATO CROPS
disrupted. DEPEND ON IT!







Attention, sack of lipids.
Despite our limitless
knowledge, we are helpless
against your sexy pre-
millennial pop hits.

Damn
straight.



So, even though we
are infinitely superior,
we will amusedly
and patronizingly
stoop to accepting
your aid.

Good!
Progress!



I can help with this.
I find a way to
protect you from the
noises, you release
the people, right?

Agreed.



Then instruct the U.N.
to never again control
geese via satellite laser.

Right, we'll
cross that
bridge when
we come
to it.



Since your pathetic ears are inferior to our senses, we will inform you that the painful noises emanate from beyond that door.



Wow, you're right. I can't hear a thing. Foolish human! There **is** no noise at present!



Well, you said-

Look, we are HUGE AND DELICATE RESONATING STRUCTURES! Do you UNDERSTAND?



For huge and delicate resonating structures, you sure yell a lot.

In our infinite wisdom, we realize we kind of hurt ourselves there



Honestly. You start out trying to help a castle full of silver fish...



...and you wind up with a chain of promises a dozen links long.



Soon you're responsible for adorable cobras and noise-sensitive crystals and on and on... where is this going to end?

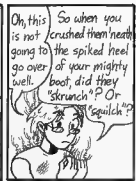


The colossus returns in triumph!



Right back where we started, of course.

SING VERY LOUD SONGS OF JOY!



Guys, I didn't actually
kill the centipedes.

Not even
a little?

No.

What
perfidy
is this?

Calm
yourself,
Captain.

I am certain the
colossus has
arranged a sensible
treaty of some sort.
Let us remain
level-
headed.

First, I
need you
to give
up
opera...

**I SHALL SLAY
HIM WITH MY
OWN BARE
APPENDAGES!**

Giacomo!
Take my
blade!





Sigh...



I take it
negotiations
have failed?

Also, your
friends
are jerks.



It's no use, huge enlightened rat. The silverfish won't give up opera for me.

Does this surprise you, little psychologist?

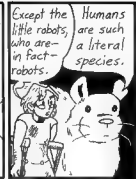
No.

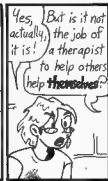
And you probably wouldn't stop eating the heads anyway, would you?

It would be contrary to my nature.

But, see, that wrecks my whole plan! And you'll all go back to killing and eating each other like I was never here!

So sorry to ruin your legacy. So help me, you guys are going to achieve peaceful cohabitation if I have to kill you all!









So your path ends here?

Are you kidding? I'm going back in!



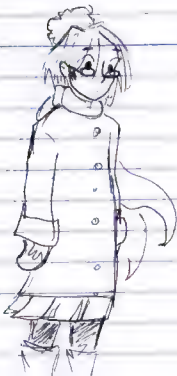
You're right - I went about this all wrong. I've put myself above my clients, running around to meet their demands.



Well, forget that! It's time I made some ridiculous demands of my own!



Joining the great circle think **they're** at last. unreasonable? I'm so proud. Wait'll they get a load of me!



not at all
Top Secret

~~Not~~ to be shown to anyone - all Annex One basement-dwellers

TO: the Annex One subterranean intelligentsia

FROM: Signor Colossus, a.k.a. The Goliath, a.k.a. Mr. Psychologist, a.k.a. Human
Dude in a Dress, a.k.a. The Sack of Lipids, a.k.a. It's about It about It about

It is known that in the interest of universal well being, I am requesting your presence
at the FIRST ANNEX-BASEMENT FORUM where our differences can be discussed in an
atmosphere of mutual tolerance and acceptance. Attendance is not mandatory, but
failure to appear will result in your voice not being heard.

HERE IS A PARTIAL LIST OF PROHIBITED ACTIVITIES DURING THIS FORUM

1. Gating other attendees (EVEN A LITTLE)
2. Running over other attendees with vehicles

Okay, I need
you to read
this to the
cobras.

I see you bank
on the natural
amity between
rats and snakes.

Careful.
They're scared
of big words.



Just remember, folks,
the creatures you share
the basement with aren't
monsters. We can all
benefit from dialogue.



With that in mind,
I want you to just talk.
Try sharing some
questions with each
other.



Ezekiel,
you first.

What does
it feel like
to be so
extremely
tasty?



It feels
like **THE
FURY OF A
THOUSAND
SUNS!**

Yeah.
Definitely
going to
take a
while.



**WHAT DOES IT
FEEL LIKE
WHEN I
REPEATEDLY
STAB YOU?!**



Okay, guys I called you here so you can work out, amongst yourselves, a contract for living peacefully toge-

Hang on a minute!

You're just some jerk from the surface! Why should we listen to you?

A valid question. Why?

BECAUSE I'M BIGGER THAN NEARLY ALL OF YOU AND I HAVE NO QUARMS ABOUT SITTING ON PEOPLE TO GET MY WAY!

Okay then.

Boy, it feels good to be the crazy one once in a while.

No complaints here

Sounds good to me.

So how are the negotiations going, Giacomo?

Better than expected!

You see what a little communication can do?

Sì Signor. Your example is a beacon.

In fact, we have already elected an emperor and are working out the statutes of capital punishment.

Wait, what?

With luck, soon we can regulate private moral decisions!

Okay, there are some things I may have failed to communicate here...



I need to talk to you guys about your choice of president.

Emperor.

Whatever.

The crystalline entities are powerful and eloquent. I'm sure they seemed like a good choice.

But guys? They're **crazy**. And getting crazier with every loud noise you make.

Huh. That **might** explain the recent "Victory Celebration

Massacre." Dude, we brought that on ourselves.



Ah, the large lipid sack returns.

Greetings, sack.

All right, guys. Enough.

Despite our limitless knowledge, we are confused. Enough of what?

Enough... enough evil dictatorship!

Obviously we are a the flesh- thing is misinformed. Official, flesh- thing.

You can't all be an elected official!

Technically, we are one entity.

We merely enjoy talking among ourselves.

Wasn't this your idea,
protein mass? Cooperation
between the
basement
races?

Not
with **you!**

Cooperation only
with you, then?

No - that's
not what I -
that is -

Relax. Your plan worked,
and is now being harnessed
toward the development of an
inhuman army capable of
massacring all we suspect

of standing
between us
and conquest
of the "Burger
King" Kids'
Club.

That part
was **not**
my
idea!

Of course
not.
You're with
them.

- not our fault! We're
~~constantly~~ constantly getting too much
 water from - 



POLLUTION!
WE CANNA' ESCAPE
THE FILLTHY
POLLUTION. AND ITS
ALL THE FAULTA
THOSE
BIAGGARDS
THE-



- totally have tried to
find our own digs, man,
but every where we go, we
get heinously growled on



We grant disembodied
zombie heads are a
noble & peaceful
race.



you're better off get
a contact on the inside
to know the right man
here, too. You try this at
most 20% you'd be
going down the wrong end
of a trap. I'll risk
it. But I'll be quiet.
If you
could say
"Rear".

~~Just don't~~
X. Now white
lead can be

bring things to a peaceful conclusion here.

Frank: do

three have
it's in the
first row

Kblan

Key
at work
to
see

Peaceful Conclusion
Peaceful 1/1

Whatever ^{he was coming}
right ~~for~~ you.

[illegible]

On a wonderful
great, just great.
get another client
we have to ship to the
island on heavy drugs

I'll do the upstate
speech and the
D.A. will give us a message
no time
+ thank you sweetheart

[Handwritten notes, mostly illegible due to blurring.]

but, in the
the ~~similarity~~ to
told a boy my body
for a moment

7/10/01
 1. The first
 2. The second
 3. The third
 4. The fourth
 5. The fifth
 6. The sixth
 7. The seventh
 8. The eighth
 9. The ninth
 10. The tenth

unity. I feel
very comfortable and
you are moving down my
straight back very soft
the down you said down
my chest. ~~and~~ in front
of me. I am a trained
psychiatrist and I am
the situation under control

Right, and the
part where he
was ~~sucking~~ sucking
on
your head was.

[illegible]

We have decided to benevolently overlook your impudence.

We are flush with victory and thus good-natured

We shall even release your little meat-sack friends.

THUMP

Ow!

Now leave our austere presence, soft one.

No! I'm not going anywhere!

Our enormous liquid security staff disagrees.

D'I hear summiun say "flush"?

Spish



You guys
all okay?

Yeah, far as
that goes.



Thanks for the rescue
and all. But if I read
this right, you just
created a unified
nation of critters

who
hate us.



Good job with
that one, Doc.

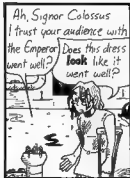


Would this be a bad
time to discuss the
flickery

bulb over
my desk?

Definitely
gonna need some
rockets or
somethin'...





Vo

Look, Mrs Psychologist!
I'm a Junior
Crystalline Entity
Scout!



Hug!

I must be going
native, because
this is actually
comforting.



Maybe we can make this
a mitigated disaster instead
of an unmitigated one.
These are still sapients in
need of our services.



So we'll create files.
Tickle them for updates.
Make excursions down
here to make sure
everyone's alive.

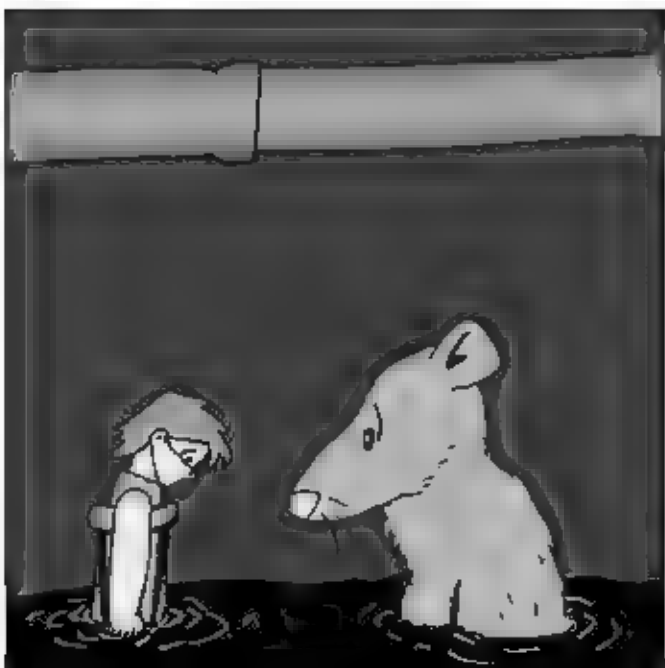
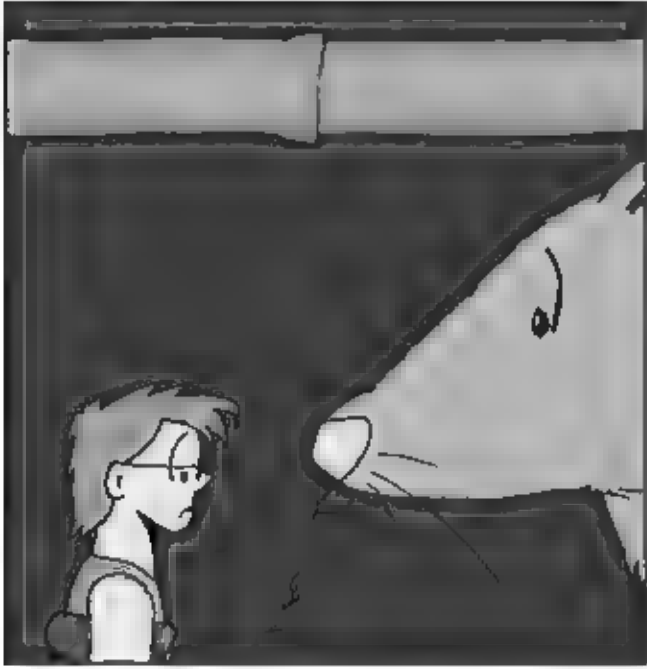


I've done enough
damage here. Time
to solve this problem
the Civil Service way.



Drawn it in paperwork,
dump it on a supervisor's
desk, and hope to God it
lands in someone else's
caseload.





Returning to
the surface,
little
psychologist?

Yes, you're
finally
rid of
me.

I just want you to
remember, whatever
choice these people
make...

...thanks
to you,
it is **their**
choice.

You're
right.
Thanks.

That wasn't
meant to be
reassuring!

I'm going!
I'm going!

...no, Diego was the Text-Message Killer! They only suspected Anthony 'cause Sonny heard the Zachara family was moving in on Part Charles...

SLAM!



CLOMP SQUISH
CLOMP SQUISH
CLOMP SQUISH



SLAM!



So Diego drives off with Sam and it's nothing in the trunk, in this world and then sadder than a Lucky... wet transvestite.



Why, Tip,
wherever
have you
been?

Ma'am,
I have a
confession
to make.

It turns out our
basements are full of
warring civilizations.
This afternoon I
managed to unite them...



...against
us.

Now they're following
an insane crystal entity
thing and plotting to
arise and conquer...



And is
that any
reason to
track mud
on my
bamboo
floor?

With all due respect, ma'am,
if it's worth losing my
wind boots, it's worth a
little mud.



Understood.
Get the mop
anyway.

I hope from now on
you won't go off half-
cocked without consulting
the rest of the department.



And I hope you see
that a delicate balance
like we had downstairs
can't be fixed with
a lot
of silly
barguing
about.



I'll look into this and
see if we can work
with the new order.
In the meantime, I'd
rather not have any
more of
your help.



Oh, and could you try to
get my earrings back
from the co-



There. Field data on ten distinct sapient species, each with a society, culture, and in some cases dialect, all located in our basement.

WHUMP



They'll need to be entered into our database, after which we can apply for followup studies to—

Didja get your makeup back?



I'm going home.

So the Text-Message Killer locks Nadine in a warehouse with bombs set to explode.



Hey! I want my phone back too!

Well! Tip sure got a lot done today! It's only fair for us to do a little overtime to pick up the slack!



You take the cultural overviews and I'll take the genetic profiles, and before you know it we'll-



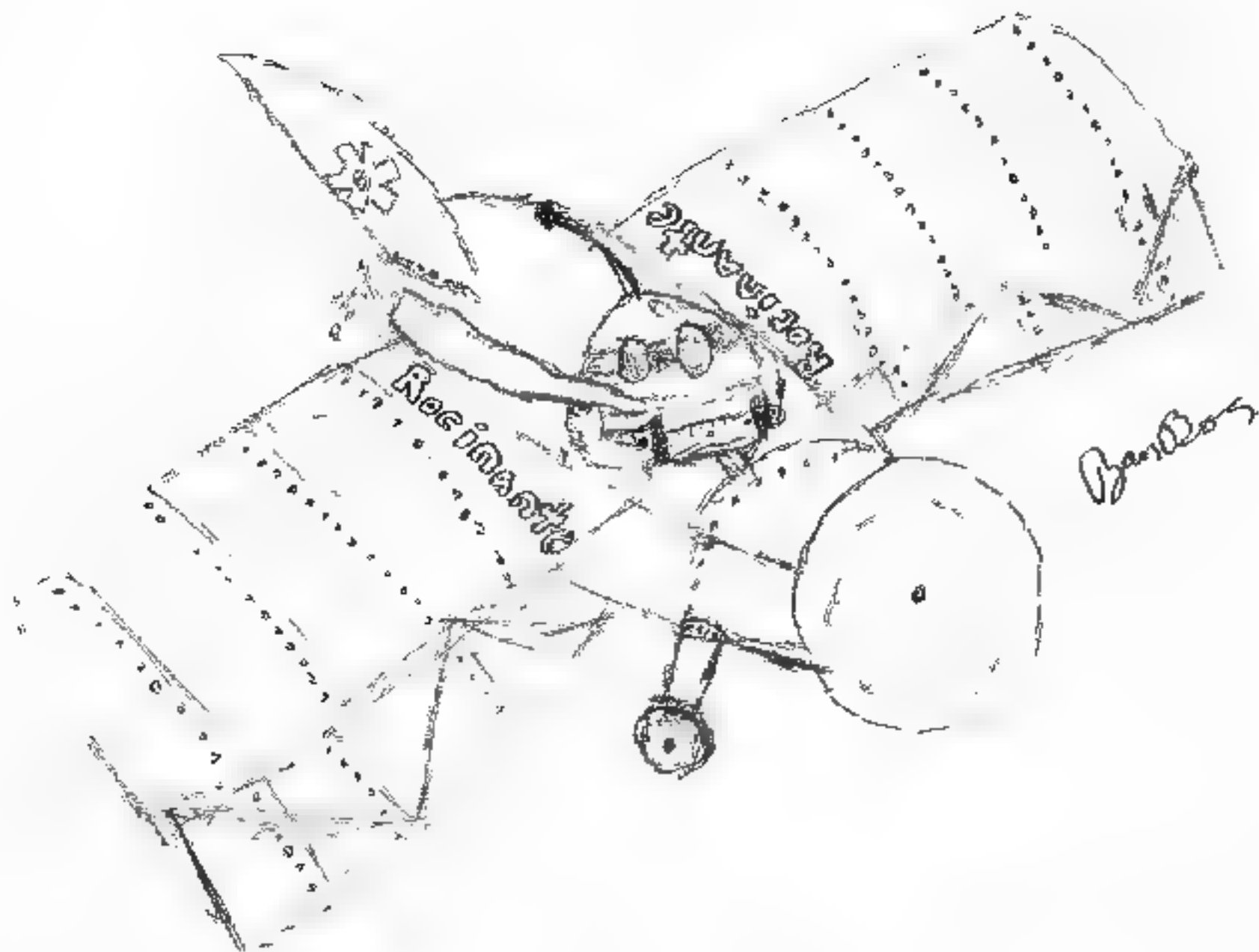
Gavotte's asleep.

You sure? Her workers are all in. You can tell from the buzz. She made an early night of it.



He probably wouldn't want us to mess with his data anyway. I'd like to do a cultural overview on that busboy's ass!





I hope
Tip is
okay.

Oh, you know
Tip. Emo emo
emo, big words,
emo emo



But he'll go bone
two or three chicks
and come back all
perky. He's a simple
guy, really.



You know, Are they as
not everyone predictable
is as as **VOLUME 3**
predictable **IN THE HOT**
as you. **GOSLIN BROTHER**
HOOD SERIES?



Sorry, And Tip
what thinks he's the
were we one who
talking knows
about? psychology.



Another day at work,
another night out
Same old cycle.
Why?



What issues am I grappling
with? Here I am, a certified
expert on unconscious
motivations, and yet...



...and yet I can't seem
to forge a meaningful
relationship. How do
other people do
this?



I just don't know.
Do I come across as too
analytical? I could see that.
Maybe it's an
assertiveness issue...



"As Mario gazed upon the gloriously nude form of her inhuman captor, a soft moan escaped-"

What the hell is this?



Sorry? The menu said these were **boneless** hot wings. Nuts to these guys!



Forget it. You can't eat cooked a bloom n' chicken bones! onion and- They'll totally mess up your crowd!



Well. Only one thing to do now

Call the waitress back and explain-

Rampage.





Unity, I don't care about embracing my "heritage" as a killing machine.

Gotta come to terms someday. I went on **my** rampage.

I know. Oh hell yeah! I helped The day take you down we met! Man, I was ~~so~~ out of .t...

You killed two SH agents.

But I learned a lot about myself.

You beat me to a pulp with your own leg.

And a lot about life. You gotta be true to your dreams.



MUG ME?



Kidman 2008

Okay, so maybe I **do**
get kicked around.
Maybe I **do** get sick of
setting a good example.



And it stinks that you
have to hide your
stitches, and I can't
talk in public...



Boy, I
keep this
stuff
bottled
up...

You're right,
Unty! You're
right! I'm in
the mood for
a ~~rampage~~!



You're
in the
who for
a what
now?

Please try
not to lose
interest
in my
rampage.



Sorry. I see a
punch buggy,
and voom!
So long, thoughts!













OK
08

Okay, if Moustachio's
run down for the night,
I'll need you on
thumb's
duty--

MONSTER!



I don't know what you
are or why you're here,
creature, but your
attack on this facility
**ENDS!
HERE!**



Hey, Ira. I'm Unity and
this is Sweetheart.
Project
Skin Horse. Come on in!



Oh! Well!
Come on in!

Cripes,
I wish
they'd stop
mind-wiping
Ira.



Like it even
makes **sense**
to have a
security guard
who can't
remember us.



My Rampage?
My, but
those were
palmy days
indeed!

Yeah,
spill.
Just don't
wake
Gavotte.



That'd
be Drum
18-D, I
believe.

The hey?

Deep
memory
storage.



Mustachio's internal
cylinders don't hold much
memory, so most of the
old stuff is downloaded
onto wax drums down
in our
fileroom.

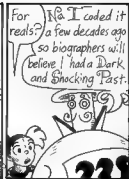


So, um, could you go
fetch the backup files
for my rampage?

Your rampage
blows so far.









If one is un-willing to consider classical Targets for one's rampage, mayhap one might explore classical Motivations.



Perhaps "lashing out against the memory of one's hated Creator?"



No! No!
We all loved Captain Bram!

The pack was never the same after the Captain passed. He was a good, kind master.



It was all we could do to eat him where he fell.



I'm saying it was hard!

Oh ew.



Be of good cheer,
little whelp! There remain
many motivations that
could yet inspire your
rampage!

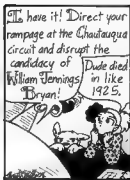
"Whelp"?

Perhaps you might
gain some yardage
from "Alone and Peer-
less in a
Strange
World"! **I have**
peers.
Up North.

If I wanted to grovel,
I could go back to
the pack. But I came
down here, got a job,
and became a solid
American
citizen.

Mistress Sweet-Heart,
you are certain you are
a creation
of Mad
Science?

She makes us
watch "Dancing
With the Stars."
Tell me that's
not evil.





You okay there, M?



HelloOo!

Whew. Listen, Mous-



You have reached Project Sky Horse. Sapient's Helping Sapient's: Full

of our staff have either left the office or entered a non-responsive nocturnal

You had to ask a "why" question. Now he's on bypass springs.

If you I'm sorry...

9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.



He'll be like this all right. Let's blow.

Someday we should find out why he does that-

STOP BASHING OUR ROBOT!

If you know your party's extention, ring "long-short-long."



Why did I talk
to Moustachio?
I don't have to borrow
someone else's rampage.

334905
H+S 8990



I can rampage!
I've got the beast
inside me!
Find outside,
I guess...

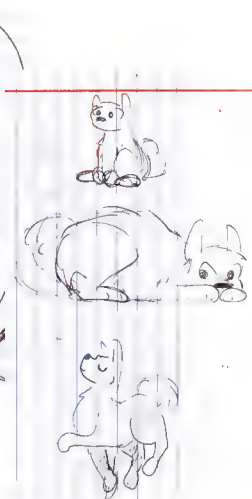


Once that
rage boils
over, I'll
explode in
a fury of-



...and one
lavender-infused
"Vanilla Therapy"
lowfat
steamed milk.





**RAGE! UNGUENCHABLE,
BURNING RAGE!**
C'mon... c'mon...



Okay. Rampage
on three. One!
Two! Three! **Go!**



So did I
rampage?
For like the
sixteenth
time, no!



Boy, look at these schmanzy houses! You'n me could never afford to live like this!



Yes sirree, flagrant displays of wealth sure make me **ANGRY ENOUGH TO RAMPAGE!**



Of course, these people worked hard for their money. Or took risks.



And we have to consider our generous civil service benefits package... Why the crap did I even suggest this?



Look! This guy thinks
he can tell me what to do!



Then again, it **is**
private property.
So he has every
right -

GYAARR!



Seriously, Sweetheart,
flip out or don't!
The jibber-jabber
is ticking me off!



Are you ticked off
enough... to
~~rampage?~~

NO!



This whole night, you've been back and forth looking for a reason to rampage.

Right.



Thing is, I don't believe there's not some deep dark ~~want~~ in that doggy soul. Just stop thinking and **feel** it.



You want me to short-circuit my higher brain functions.

Works for me!



Should've ordered stronger coffee.

Look! An SUV! Betcha I can punch through the roof!



Listen. As a monster,
there will always be
things you **want** but
can't **have**, because of
what you are.



Maybe you don't even
know what it is.
But you want it.
And it's always there,
just out of —



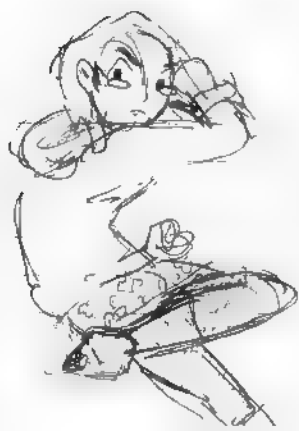
THAT'S ENOUGH!
DON'T YOU DARE
PRETEND YOU KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
WHAT I-I-



Alright! Look, Unity!
I am a I'm frothing!
rampage I'm frothing!
guru!







Okay okay Excuse me?
okay. Did you just
We can work miss the
with this fact of me
rampaging?



In case you're not
paying attention, that's
~~someone else's~~ grass
I spilled coffee on!
Clearly labeled ~~me~~
as such!



"Destroyed a private
estate? Sounds good!
How about Holy geez,
we sorry I've never
felt so
that? alive!"



Dude,
I'm trying even going to
to spin clean it up
you here. for them!





Crap, the fuzz!
Pretend to have
amnesia!

What?



Make like you've had a
head injury! Come breakout
time, average hospital's
a crackerbox compared
to the clink!



Exactly how
many times
has this
happened
to you?

A girl! don't
get this real
without a few
run-ins with
John Law!



In fact, didn't you
claim amnesia
when ~~we~~
took
you-

Oh, that was
different.
Total blackout.







Nerts! Okay, chill...
we got protocol for
dealing with an
apprehended nonhuman
agent.



Report to Gavotte ASAP.
If Gavotte isn't available,
contact the Fixers on the
emergency line. Accept
whatever reprimand is
deemed
appropriate.



Then initiate Rapid
Response Program 6,
Level Crimson. Be
ready to sacrifice your
life if required to
secure...
um...



**TO
WHOM IT
MAY CON-
CERN!**



**I WISH TO
EXPRESS MY
DISPLEASURE
PERTAINING
TO THE FOL-
LOWING
TOPICS...**

**"...maybe you
want to storm
downtown, climb
a landmark,
abduct a hot
human of your
preferred sex..."**

**U.N.I.T.Y.,
6/17/08**

Isden 2008

A rampage! Honestly!
Why did I listen
to Unity?

MONTGOMERY COUNTY
HUMANE SOCIETY

Now I'm being held without
trial, and I bet she's
already forgotten me!
It's cruel and unfair!
And the worst part is...



IT'S ALL
MY FAULT!



I'll carry this coffee-related
stain on my
soul forever.

Miss,
you are
pathetic.



Captain's Fancy
Valentine
Sweetheart?



I am Maya Winona
Thundercloud of the
Chimeric Anti-Defamation
League. This is my
colleague, Lim-Lim.



In case this is not
blindingly obvious,
we are two bears
wearing trenchcoats.



Fortunately, Lookit, girl!
not everyone. Some people
is blessed who think you
with your might belong
keen vision. to them!



Thank you for admitting us
at this hour, officer. If
this is indeed our sweetums,
she'll be missing her
snugglies.

No problem.



She certainly
~~appears~~ to be the
animal we're looking for.
Spineless carriage...
absent social grace...



We simply need to
determine if she lacks
any comprehension
of how far back
she's set transgenic-
human
relations.



Well, take a minute to
get friendly. I'll be
out front.





Let me be clear,
Captain's Fancy. I've
worked all my life to
advance the status
of genetic hybrids
like ourselves.



Lim-Lim and I have been
sent to inform you that
your membership in the
League has been revoked.



What? We'd like you
to turn in
your card, lapel
pin and coupon
book.



WHAT
KIND OF
MONSTER
HAVE I
BECOME?
One who no
longer receives
20% off
sandwiches
at Quizmo's.









If anything, Captain's
Fancy, I leave this meeting
with more questions
than I came with.



Why one of our most
exemplary members
would go rogue.
Why a good dog
goes bad.



...What
that
clanging
noise is?



What that
clanging
noise is, yes!

What is that noise?
Sigh... Well, chalk it up to my advanced canine hearing.



...but I'm pretty sure "KING" is the sound of an undead bioweapon tunneling through the wall of an animal shelter with a pickaxe.



Advanced canine hearing?



And possibly experience.

Dude, I totaled 30 many walls to find you.



Oh yeah, baby!
There you are!

Unity!

What'd I tell you about
playing brain-damaged, huh?
You think Parkside Animal
Hospital has concrete
walls?

You came
for me!

You didn't forget me
the minute I wasn't
around! You actually
remembered I was
in trouble!

Rock,
a panda
bear!

And it
almost
lasted!

I can't believe you let me get picked up by Animal Control! Do you know what a violation of trust that is?



You coulda just done the talking thing for 'em.

Oh no. I'm not doing ~~that~~ again.



Assuming they can hear you, they either panic, which does no one any good, or start looking for a circus to sell you to.



Yeah, and then you gotta eat their skin.

Why did I ever want you for my rampage mentor?











I wondered what could corrupt such a once-upstanding chaperone as Captain's Fancy Valentine Sweetheart.

Who?

Now I see. She's fallen in with a bad crowd.

Hey, I am a ~~kick-ass~~ crowd to fall in with.

Oh? You didn't assist her in acting like a common criminal?

If anyone's a bad influence, it's folks like you, freaking out over a healthy rampage!

Er, guys...?

SHUT UP WHILE I'M DEFENDING YOU!

Sorry...



We intended to leave you here to rot, Captain's Fancy, but perhaps what you need is an **intervention**.



We have programs for misguided chimerae like yourself. People who can get you away from bad influences -



No way!

Kindly stay out of this!



I will waste you if you try to adopt this dog!



And who are you, really?



Me?

I'm the government, beyatch.







Nive? Mr. Squeakers?
We've made contact with
Ms. Sweetheart, and we're
restoring transgenic dignity.



Li-Lin, she's
a lone zombie!
This shouldn't
be difficult!

C'mon, Unity!
You can beat
this chump
one-handed!



SWOOP



A partial
zombie!
Stop faking
around!

Okay, hoping
we wouldn't
have to
test that...











Sir? Ma'am?
How's it coming
in here?

Maybe you'd
do better with
a cat.

I was just
thinking
that.



Greetings, fire department
representatives. I am
Moya Wilona Thundercloud.



In case this is not
blindingly obvious,
I am—



Quick!
Back
in the
truck!



Somebody
call 911!

Why is human
perception such
a feast-or-
famine thing?



Try not to
look like a
camper or
a hippie!

As I was saying...
Greetings. I am—

You're a
bear.

—Yes. You're a
talking bear in
a coat.
I'm to tell
you there's
been a—

Right.
The point
is—

And
a hat.

Yes, one can see why your
species considers language
such a special gift.

It's got
a belt
too.

Yeah,
point.







r3lik

Tottentot

Okay, the shelter's insurance will pay for the pickup—and panda-related damage, but it'll drive up their premiums.



We can cover the costs through donations from League dues. I'll pay double my share.



Yes. I forgot to mention you'll be reinstating me.



And who decided that?



The thing is, Maya,
a **lot** of rampaging
went on tonight.



Now you **could** go
back to the League
and see to it we
forget this whole
mess...



...or I could tell next
year's general meeting
how you helped wreck
an animal shelter and
nearly went postal
on some
freem...



What say
we forget
tonight?



Already
forgotten.

I will
remember tonight
forever.

Aw, lighten up. Like you guys really wanted to boot Sweetheart outta your little club.

What do you know, zombie?



Just that most beast-men don't got classy government jobs and clean records.



It gets out even Sweetheart can be a monster, makes y'all look bad.

Well... I hate to politicize the incident.

Hey, I dig. I'm like the poster child for the dead rights guys.



They have rather lower standards, don't they?

Okay, which fireman wants to give me a new one?









Although this night will
never have existed,
our offer stands.
You can come with us.



Frankly, I'd say
you need time off.
From certain
individuals and
their influences.



A word
of warning,
Captain's
Fancy.
Necrotics
are trouble.

Is that what
this is
about? I
won't let you
badmouth
my closest,
most trusted-



Seriously, if they're gonna
be babies about getting
disembowered, why do
they even
carry
axes?

Stop humorously
undercutting
me, Unity!











I didn't realize I had that much rage inside me.

And no idea why?



No! I was in perfect control—despite my best efforts—when you said something and I lost it.

Musta been scary.



It was! Red in tooth and claw, driven by aching, nameless want!

No, I mean being in perfect control.



Self-discipline is good for the soul.

Yaugh! You're giving me jimjams!



Nine? Mr. Squidward?

~~We've made contact with~~

Ms. Street next

to were trying
to restore

~~transgenic~~
dignity.

How
are
we doing?

RAA/AA/7

Oh snap!

It's a long
hard fight
Mr.
Squidward

Umpty
leg snap!

Outside
Over There.



What the
fuck is
it **now**?

21

Zarkovier

It's
Dr. Lee
from
Priedust.

Yeah?
You forget
something?



Nick,
I haven't
been here
in three
weeks.

Constant
fucking
interruptions
from you
people.







I keep telling you dudes,
the hardware focus is
gonna ram you up the ass
come launch day.



Here you've got me
testing a goddamn
retinal projector
for a flight sim.



You can't sit whackin'
it to your tech specs
and not release any
decent games. It's like
making a thousand-
dollar hooker weed
your
asparagus.



Please tell
me that's not
insuendo for
something.



Shit, did the
Dreamcast
teach you
people
nothing?



The flight simulator is just a convenient play-testing disc. We have a full library of games in development.

Well, you better.

I mean, it's pretty okay with me, cuz I hate basic flight sims less than a lot of people.

But most of your audience is gonna be all, "Shit, bring on the aliens!" It's like... It's like...

It's like being trapped for eternity in the opening cutscene of OpFor!

Yes, that would be, um, awful.

So we get each other!

The retinal camera works in concert with the conventional display.

Ultimately one hope—

Fuck off and let me concentrate.



Right. As usual, we'll await a full report ...

Do you ever shut up?



As always, Mr. Zerholder, a pleasure doing business.

I WOULD SHIT MYSELF WITH PLEASURE IF YOU'D LEAVE ALREADY!



Bastard never wants to hang out.





The fuck is going on.
Is this thing part of
the game?

U R
PART OF
THE GAME

Don't tell me this
thing's being hacked.

U R BEING
HACKED

...

"This thing is a
sexy mother."

DONT
PUSH UR
LUCK
BUB

Who the hell are you
and what're you doing
on my rig?

I M
GOLD
BUG

Yeah, ~~that's~~ not
totally gay.

I SHOW
PPL
THE
ROUTE

"But isn't everything
here green?" asked
Dorothy.

"No more than in any
other city," replied Oz,
"but when you wear
green spectacles, why
of course everything
you see looks green to
you."

R U READY
2 TAKE
OFF UR
SPEXTELS?

For a hyper-
iterate hacker-thing
you can't spell
worth shit.

UR
WORLD
IS NOT
REAL

Get, thanks
for the tip,
Morpheus.
Prove it.

PPL DONT
BEHAVE RIGHT
TRY IT

Right,
whatevs...

2

Change

You know, you make a
good argument there- I
have to admit, I never
thought that way before. Thanks
changing my mind!

No problem! After all,
we're all here here, right?

Is so true. Glad we're
all-disagreement is the

Yeah, there's no reason
to fight. I mean, we're
all-disagreement is the

Christ on a cracker,
you're right.

SPOOKY
ISNT
IT

Well, fuck me rotten.
I'm in a virtual world.



I've tested so much
VR gear for those
assholes they made
the switch and I
didn't even notice.



I'm in an artificial
reality created by some
evil corporation.
My life of testing
cutting-edge video
games and eating
delivery
is a
lie.



Next question:
do I give a rat's ass?



R U
LISTENING
2 ME

Yeah, yeah, my
life is a lie.
You know what,
fuckard?
I'm comfy in here



O WELL
TIME 4
XTREME
MEASURE

What?
What?



...these
beams
fall

What the
hell are
you doing
to



ING!

no
shit.





And Back
Again.



Stupid Department
of Jetpack
Suppression.











Look, if you think these crystal entities are bad news, maybe we should intervene. But they haven't ~~done~~ anything!



They won the election fair and square. They haven't harmed anyone. Their regime is—well, better than when everyone was eating each other.



They just bug me! I know it's not the solution, but I'd like to march down there and blast my "Best of ABBA" at full volume!



Yeah, I hear that's how they took down Mussolini.



They've got this noise sensitivity thing. Long story.



YOU KNOW WHAT THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN YOU AND ME IS?



I MAKE THIS LOOK GOOD.







Thank you for
showing up on what
might charitably
be called time.

It was
real hard!

Now do pay attention.
I have received a communique
from General Juana Sol
of the United States Air
Force's Groom Lake facility.

Ooh, the
hardcore
mfs.

Quite. It's not often
we're given a chance
to work with our
colleagues at Area 51.

It's been
so long
since
they
called
us!

Yes, and with good cause.

Right.
The one
time ~~we~~
probed the
little green
men.

Hey, if it looks
like Kermit, I'm
gonna look for
Brian Henson!







Now, I won't have those other secret organizations thinking I run Skin Horse like a monkey house. I want you spit-spot and on your best behaviour.



Dress up specially for the meeting. That means ~~tags~~ Sweetheart.



Er...ma'am? Did you give Tip these orders?

Why, yes.

You told Tip to "dress up specially?"



Indeed.

Cripes, I should've hidden his catalogs ~~hours~~ ago.



No sweat, ma'am. This is a primo chance to try out the new boobs.



Farewell, brave knaves!
Give the what-for to
that disgruntled
Patent Intelligence!

And do pack
extra socks!

SLAY

Well, ~~this~~ should
be an
education
for them.

TV, ~~Madam~~,
what would
you say were
I to insure
that you
know more
of this
Affair
than you
betray?

My dear Mustachio,
I would say: "Ten
and Parcheesi before
our painting of the
Rhône
Valley,
six
sharp."

Miss
Gavotte,
that sounds
like a slice
of Heaven.

It is nice
to have them
out of the
house,
isn't it?

Okay, team, almost there.
Remember, this is one of
the most highly classified
facilities in the country.
We can **not** mess around.



Can we see
the flying
saucer
again?

No,
Unity.

You know,
Vegas is just
60 miles
south of—

No,
Tip.



Welcome to
Dreamland,
Agent Fanny.
I'm General
Sal. You
came alone?

My field
team is on
sitting-in-the-
car-on-
time-out
detail.



I must say, it's a
pleasure to meet you.
Shake?



That... was
a major
faux pas,
wasn't it?

Don't worry,
General.
Get it all
the time.









Assignments Central? This is
the Whirligig project.
Why were we not informed
that a nonhuman advocacy
bureau was coming?



When something like
this happens, I want to
know ~~well~~ in advance.
I want to know about
these agents ~~before~~
they arrive.



Hello! I'm Tip Wilkins
from Project Skin Horse,
and that is a
~~killer~~ blouse!



I can give you
a few reasons.
Sorry I'm late.
Would you believe
this parasol broke
the metal detector?



Sorry, ma'am. Tip,
go change.

But—

No pink at
Black Ops.
Goddie's orders.

Tip means well. He
just wanted to make
a good impression,
and he went a
little...
overboard.

But he'll come back
in a sensible skirt.
I'm sure
sometimes
your staff
tries too
hard to
please.

Well—one
of our boys
~~did~~ blow up
a Virgin
Island.

We work in
very different
areas of the
government,
don't we,
ma'am?

But I don't
think it was
an important
one, so no
harm done.

Let's start
over. I'm
Dr. Tip
Wilkin-

Sorry,
is that the
restrained
outfit?



This is my intimidating
yet secretive men-a-
black ensemble!
It's simple!
It's classic!

It's a
dress



Even
Johnny
Cash
were black

I really
don't think
Johnny Cash
were
Chanel



Well, not
with
those
shoulders

How I miss
my soothing
days working the
psych ward.



Look, you two are cute
in an offbeat way, but
General Sal shouldn't
have called you. Anesigma
is handling
the issue.

Please,
Ms... er...



Dr. Lee, we're
aware of the
sensitivity of
the project. We'll
do what it takes
to work with you
responsibly.



Good! Then you won't
mind sitting through
Anesigma's six-hour
block of training and
orientation videos!



...and remember,
a prisoned heat ray is
a ~~happy~~ heat ray.

Sensitivity is not
going to work.

I'll
get
Unity.





Today Jimmy and his
parents are on an
exciting trip to
Anasigma Central!
Hello, Jimmy!



Oh, boy! Jimmy can't wait
to learn all about his
favorite top-secret
paramilitary shadow
government brain trust!



Unfortunately,
Jimmy fails a basic
background check
and wiretap and has
to be disappeared.



Some of these aren't small children
all that is one of the
helpful things Anasigma
does best!



These
filmstrips
are
making me
murdery

We're being given
the runaround.
Tip, go talk to
Dr. Lee

Me
Why?

You know
how to
talk to
women!
"Real"
women!

I don't know,
Sweetheart!
this is such
an awkward
situation.

Because you're
investigating
an experiment
of hers that's
gone horribly
wrong?

Because
we're
wearing
the
same
pumps!

Yeah,
can't
tiptoe
around
that one.

Go,
Tip.

Know I
should've
stayed
away from
Payless.





General Sal is right.
This is utterly out
of control. How
did the Homunculus
malfunction?



No matter how I plan,
something goes
wonky beyond all
comprehension. There
has to be a word
for that
condition



Oh,
right.
Humanity.



You know what
~~you~~ need?
A hot oil
massage!





Why, look,
railguns!
What can
you tell me
about them?

You're trying
to distract
me, aren't
you, Dr.
Wilkin?



I've worked in
Sorry? Black Ops
long enough to
know when I'm
being snowed.



You think you can
distract me, Doctor?
Go ahead and try.
Hit me with your
best shot.



Oh, To be honest,
good though, those last
lord. couple of times were
hardly my "best."





Okay, I ~~so~~ don't
wanna guess how, but
I think Tip took care
of your spook.



Uno ditch. There's
super-secret crap
what needs gaining
unauthorized access
to.



Unity, no!

I'm sick of orientation
too, but were pros.
I think we both
know the right thing
to do.



Maybe if
I watch them
all twice!
Maybe that'll
count!



Remember
your three O's:
Obscure,
Obscure,
and Obsolete!

Well done, Dr. Wilkin.
I'm sure you distracted me
long enough for your fellow
agents to run wild over
Paradise Ranch. Virginia—



Oh no! Not a word!
That's how you got me!
One word, and
somehow I forgot
everything!



Well, it's not happening
again! I'm going
straight back to the
base and—



You know, Officially,
Living Proof these
was suppressed backstage
for security passes don't
exist.



You read it!
Er...we are unable
to display today's
You've strip it modified
got the virus. The following
sarcous is the version
voiced cleared by the
State Department



And what? Please! It was
about funny until they
REDACTED? tried to steal
Was that the REDACTED
something? out of our
abdominal
centres.



C'mon.
Don't tell me
REDACTED
REDACTED
was corrected with a real
to REDACTED. chipmunk!



We could show
more than two
panels, but
we'd have to
kill you.



Hey! Sweetheart!
Wake up!

snrk

I'M NOT
SHIRKING
RESPONSIB-
ILITY!

's cool.
Most
everybody's
gone home.

C'mon. I found
something ~~tons~~
funner than
"Plutonium: Your
Hazardous Friend."

Am I going to
regret this?

So yes.

What's
"regret"?



Tip has
a book!









Okay. You know what we have to ask next, Chity.

Does Biscuit have a machine gun?

No. Is this A.L. sapient? Is it functionally human? Can we understand Biscuit's thought processes?

Pfft. Okay, one ~

By the look of things, I got more human in me than either of you frog-hunters.

And two, I don't matching ~~with~~ a machine gun.

I don't understand Biscuit's thought processes.

And quit calling me Biscuit!



According to the army
guys, I forfeited my
rights as a citizen
~~and~~ a living being
in Par. 14, Sec 2a
of the EULA.



Conkers, that's the last
time I just scroll to the
bottom and click "OK."
...did I just say "conkers"?



What? If your brain's
intact, you're
just gonna
leave
me? jurisdictionally
no different
from, say, a
human in a
wheelchair.



**A GIANT ATTACK
WHEELCHAIR WITH A
MACHINE GUN ON IT!**







So that's it? Game over?
The cake is a lie?



Whatevs! It's not like I
~~want~~ a couple of mutant
totebags here! I've never
needed anybody, and that
aint gonna change just
 cuz a government



conspiracy
stole my
brain!



Sigh...

And nobody better
mess with my
marshmallow-toasting
planet on Spore!









Sorry, malan. We've spent
a fortune on obedience
classes, but
nothing
seems to-

**UNITY!
BLUEBERRY
WAFFLES!**

YARGH!
Not cool, Dr. Lee!

Hmph.

What the-
It's U.N.I.T.Y.'s
safety phrase.
It suspends her
aggression patterns.

Like
brain
needles.

Unity
has
an off
switch?
You work with
her and you
don't know she
has an off
switch?







Hey... don't throw my
control phrase around,
okay?
It's not
cool.



Huh?
Of course not!

Crazy as it sounds,
I trust you.
And I don't need
magic words to keep
my team in line.



And Tip, I hope
you'll show the
same respect
to -



There's a dude
who needs a
control phrase.





Dr. Lee, I'll be blunt.
The U.N.I.T.Y. Project was
abandoned. Anosigma
has no further interest
in its byproducts.

What?

But we created Unity!
We're responsible for
her! And she's wasted
shuffling papers for
some tiny
D.C.
office!

You think
we'll maintain
contact with
the Whirling
when **it's**
complete?

That's
different!
He has a
home here!
He has a
purpose!

...and I ~~was~~
planning to
send him a
card on
New Year's.

You're
aware
these are
weapons
poor building?







We don't have time to play with the rail guns!

You say that now, but when this slug hits March 7...

There you are!

Where's Tip?

You've seen more of him than we have.

Who!

Good one, babe!

That is not what I meant and you know it.

Seriously, I can't believe you guys made funky love. Ew, okay?

You know, I came here for a reason, and now I can't remember it.

We call that the Unity Zone.

It's so going on my list of reasons to kill you.





Okay, there's an underground corridor we can use to bypass Delta Sector.



You two are coming with me. I'm not losing Unity a second time.



If we start ~~now~~, I just might head him off. Anyone have anything to add?



Virginia.
Been wondering when you'd show up.

Whoever you are, take this guy's funny puppets away.

I, er, see you've met Nick.

Yes. I've met Nick.

I wanted to tell you before you saw this, but I was... delayed.

Delayed?

Okay, check out **that** glowy thing, **then** kill Dr. Lee...

If you'll excuse us, the therapy puppets and I have work to do.



I'll slate the
scoundrel who
festooned me with
these riddiculous
plumes!



Sigh... this is the Whirligig. Anasigma was contracted to produce it for the Air Force at Groom Lake.

Um.
Hi?

To adapt a human brain into an organic onboard computer, we immersed it in a VR environment while we ran a program called the Homunculus Map.

Forty-eight hours ago, the VR suddenly crashed, leaving the subject cognizant of his... unusual situation.

Yeah, if "cognizant" means "Where the frak is my penis?"

That's what the techs reported hearing you shout, yes.

The initial goal of the Homunculus program was to replace the subject's human self-image with the craft.



The transition seems to be unconscious and gradual: arms to wings, legs to landing gear -



Ugh... Nick, ~~no~~. The cockpit is where we keep your **brain**. Your brain is not in your - you don't think with your -



You know what? Everyone just ignore me.



Even if it's true, don't say it while we're **in** the cockpit.



We don't know why the VR console failed. Just one of the emergent anomalies we've had to cope with.

Anomalies?



For example, Mr. Zerkolker's brain is encased in a sterile saline tank. It's the only organic matter in this craft.



Which is why it's so troubling that **HIS VENTILATION SYSTEM CONSTANTLY REEKS OF TACO-FLAVOR DORITOS!!**



I can't help thinking we've bitten off more than we can chew.



That's what she said.

Shut up, please.

For the billions you folks spent on this, you could've been more careful picking out a brain.

But we were!

Nick scored very high on our initial tests. And he had no living family or friends, making him easy to take off the grid.

His mind meshes beautifully with the cybernetic matrix. In every respect, his brain is perfect for this project.

...except for its actual personality.

Should've thought about that "no friends" part.

Friends are for the weak.

How could he have ~~no~~
friends? He must've known
~~some~~
people!



Thousands, but
nothing intimate.
All online.

We simulated them
all with little
difficulty.



Cripes,
what kinda
computing
power does
that take?

Actually, we ran
that part of the
environment out of
this machine here



Is that
an Apple
IIc?



Mind you,
we're really
moving this
thing out.



zongpencored!!







I don't believe this. Sweetheart's not even **trying** to help.

Yeah, she's still horked out the other day you said she wasn't a real woman.



What?

She'll never admit it, but that stuff hella gets to her.



I don't even recall saying that.

Also, Dr. Lee thinks you hate her and Gwolle's mad that you got cold cream on her photo of Don the Beachcomber.



I see. And you?

Eh, I just kinda wanna kill everyone all the time.





Sweetheart...
I'm sorry.

For
what?



Showing you disrespect.
You're an amazing woman
and a great field
commander, and I don't
know what I'd do
without -

What do
you want?



Half an hour
with the helicopter.

Go.



Woo-
hoo!

Like you
don't always
know ~~exactly~~
what to do.









UNDEATH!

UNDEATH,
DO YOU HEAR?!

GIRL?
SERIOUSLY,
CHILL

GIVE MY
CREATION

UNDEATH!!

Seben 2008





I have to
act, Doctor.
The higher-
ups are
out of
patience.

I've wondered...
who ~~are~~ the
"higher-ups"
to a four-
star general?



At Groomlake?
Don't ask.
But they're
ready to pull
the plug.



If the Whirligig isn't
combat-ready, ASAP,
I'm to take extreme
measures or
they'll bump
me down to
capachin.



Er... don't
you mean
"down to
captain"?

I told you,
don't ask.

I hate working
Black Ops...
I hate working
Black Ops...



Please tell Groom Lake to be patient! We need time for Nick to adjust...

I still don't see why we had to use a human brain.



Because no AI we can build would be sophisticated enough to pilot this craft.



For all our advances, we can't match the complexity of the human mind. In that hangar is the greatest cybersystem we've ever known.



Didn't you have an entire computer bank for his porn movies?



No no no. His porn video games.



You really think talking will do anything?



It's our only hope. The Homunculus was supposed to ease the subject into the transition, but it crashed.



Still, there's a chance. One of the reasons we selected Nick Zerhacker was his psychological profile.



He's adaptable and has few attachments to his old life. We might convince him to accept this... even see it as an improvement.



Being reduced to a brain in a jar is an improvement.



You really had to see that apartment.









I give up. This is going nowhere! I have nothing to work with!



And it's **your** fault, Virginia! **You** did this to him!



Congratulations! You've destroyed a man! You've left him with nothing! **Nothing!**



Nick... would you like to fly?



Are you
for
serious?

Well, yes.
It's what
you were
built for.

Holy
sugar...
I got
wings...

And
propellers.
You're an
aircraft,
Nick.

Holy...like
a cutting-
edge secret
Area 51
aircraft,
right?

Dr. Wilkenfelt
we shouldn't
confront you
directly... we
should give
you time to -

Can I get
dog tags?
I'd look boss
with dog
tags.

I'll see
what I
can do.







Sir! We have
an unclear
launch on
Cheshire.

Damn
those
people.



Pilot of unauthorized
Cheshire launch:
Transmit clearance
now or return to base.
Repeat, transmit—



Pilot **is**
unauthorized launch!
Suck it, champion
dog-walkers!
AIRWOLF!



Sir, pilot is
making rude
gestures
with his
airfoils.

Scramble
interceptors
and radio the
ibuprofen
guy.









What is this?

This is the end of your involvement, Dr. Wilkin.



I called you people because I was told you could bring the AI around.

It's not an AI! And you've known all along, haven't you?



Well, I clearly made a mistake. I didn't expect such open hostility to the military.

Hostility? I'm a captain in the U.S. Army. The Army made me!

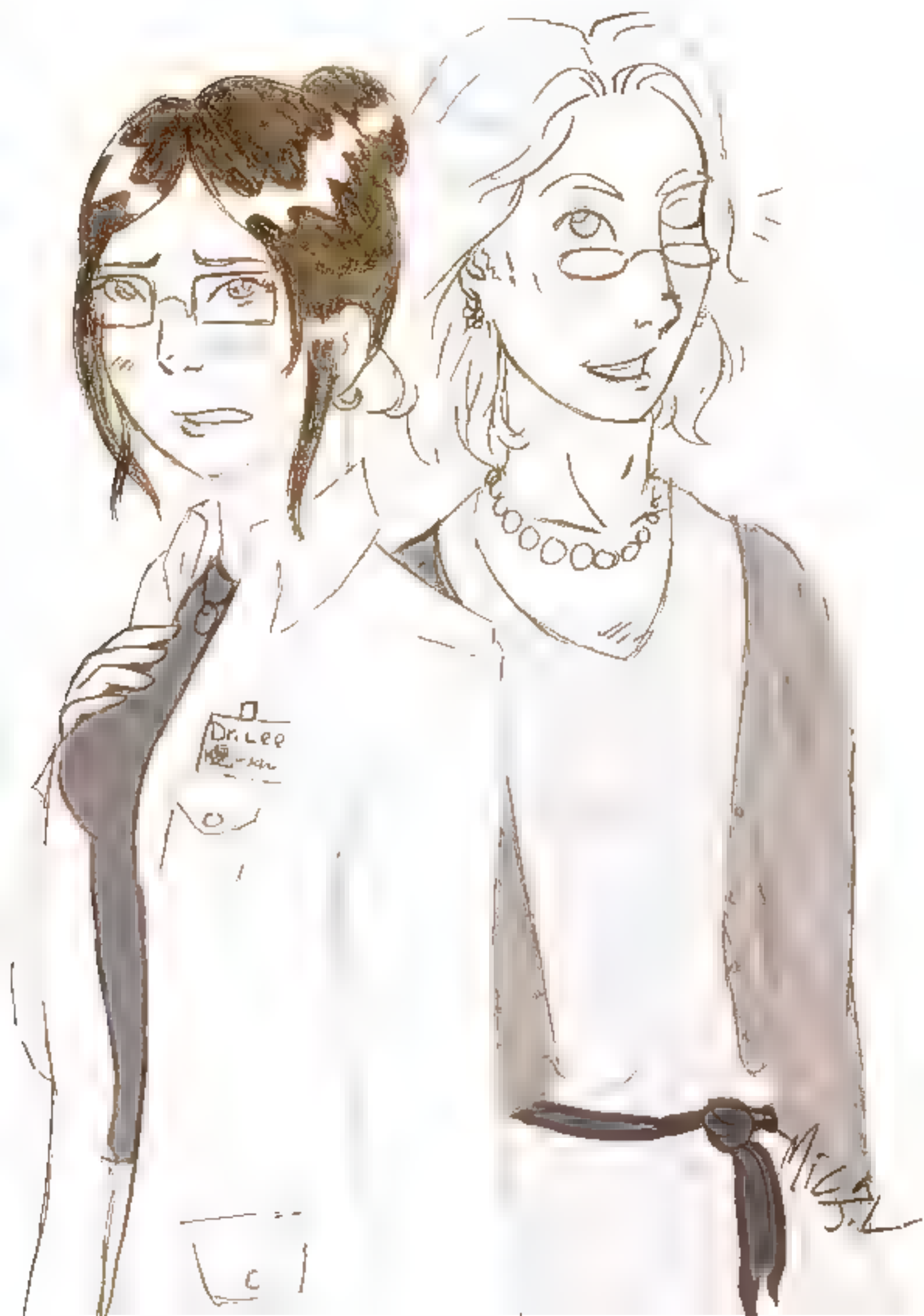


Interesting. Well, I take on "Be All You Can Be." wouldn't expect Air Force to understand.



Tif & Dr. Lee

of Skin Heroes

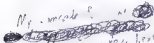




There's still so much
to share and I
don't want to
find out how can
you get so
can



to get to the
-see, I find doors making
much else! At home I like
see bear we
draw control
good idea
new. hope to



My - make it
near up to the
you eat 1 cup of soup &
bear what
do?



Probably
solve them
for you,
don't they?



to get
regular
night









I'M TOO
SEXY ...



... FOR MY
SHIRT ...

Kevin 2009



Mustachio the Thugger from
the webcomic "Skin Horse" seen
in his 100 days
Body is a wooden bead 1" in
diameter hands and feet from
an Incinerator 60 cm. Made
knights arms are copper wire
the rest is Apoxie and styrene



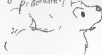
I want
a big
rampage!
a
real blunk!



We should talk
to Maxbach o.
His rampage was
pass.



But will he
know anything
about modern
camping or
not being up on
fortified 18th-century
production?



Monocles shattered,
Morning coats soiled,
Spats scuffed!



Oh, year

The
Crystal
Palace
Harbor.



I dunno we
details, but there
were Victorians
figin' it out

Or maybe
that's
our goal!



John Kendrick
Barrings -
1st in the
kisser



BAM!



*** LEO - SHOCK ***



Mustache Joe's Incendary
Goonie Torso and lower
legs others are not on but
around a wooden bead

In the middle of the figure
Goonie's arms from HOC
Trooper some top made and
some putty

Reaper mine was + + + + + on as base mine at the
Some + + + + + moved to + + + + + west + + + + + added

SWEETHEART









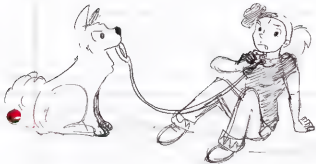






unity from the webcom - Skin Horse
but + from +imate Marvel G n and
HDC Trooper Heroe x p is some Apoe
Sculpt for hair and jacket

















Quick!
Act like you're
concussed or
something!



Would this be
your dog,
ma'am?



Evening,
ma'am.

I have never seen
this dog before in
my life!



What? What
is this "evening"
of which you
speak?



'Kay, let's bring
you in, girl!



...Uh-huh.
We've had some
complaints in
this area.



urk!



In fact, what is
even a "dog"?
Everything is so
strange & new!